

which we lay had eddied in its descent. Over our heads a huge mass of snow, hardened by water and frost, formed a roof; and around us stood walls of loose snow, through which came a light so faint as to convey the idea of enormous thickness. I looked in vain for an outlet—for some spot through which I might discern a stronger light, as evidence of a thinner covering. There was but one dead subdued colour—unvaried and perplexing. I looked at the dog. He seemed to understand my appeal, examined attentively our limited prison, and by his most piteous whine told me but too plainly that there was no hope for us. Thoroughly chilled by cold and terror, I unloosed the belt of the dog's cloak, and, opening his wine-flask, endeavoured to fortify myself against my adverse condition. As soon as the dog found himself disencumbered, he went round and round our narrow apartment, snuffing the air at every step, and pausing often, as if intent to catch some sound from the exterior world. At each tour, he gave me a look of inexpressible sympathy, and, uttering his low wail of sorrow, sat down, as if to devise some new plan of investigation. At times he startled me by sudden, impetuous and prolonged barking, in a sharp shrill tone, as if he endeavoured to send his voice to the outer air, while his moving neck gave to his bell a ceaseless vibration. Now and then he dug furiously at the loose snow, until encumbered and tired, he sought for breath by retreating to the middle of our room, and panting heavily.

I laid myself down at his side, and said, "Poor fellow, you fell into this snare by your effort to rescue me, and now we must perish together; who will die first I know not, but—" And here I paused, for there rushed on my mind the thought of the possibility of being made, after death, the means of the horrible subsistence of my canine associate; and then I began to shake with terror lest the kind and faithful dog might change his very nature under the pressure of hunger, and prove, even during life, an enemy not less dreadful than the wolf, which I had once supposed him to be. A terrific idea, once established in the mind, comes back often on very slight invitation, and I felt a dread which made me rush to the edge of the snow and bury myself in its fleecy bosom. The dog pursued me, and, pulling me back several times, seemed at last to lose his patience, and, by a low growl, quieted me through very apprehension.

There was then a long silence. I sat scanning the face of the dog for signs of coming ferocity, and he watched me, lest I should escape into the loose snow and roll out of his reach. There was terror in my face, and through his mild look I thought I could see the growing traits of hunger and cruelty. Poor fellow! how much I wronged him.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, threw forward his long ears, and stood listening. He advanced to the edge of the snow, and, inclining his head, placed his ear close to the bank on the side opposite to the rock. A sharp, quick cry announced that he heard something, and, in a moment, the snow from his feet began to fly about my head. As fast as he removed a part, the incumbent mass would fall into its place, so that it was a long time before he made a channel of any length. Finally he succeeded in establishing a road long enough to hide him from view, but now and then he backed into the chamber to rest and recover his breath.

As he lengthened his road, and rested so as to make no noise, I began to hear what had probably attracted his attention. It was the scream of birds—of, I thought, the vultures of the Alps, to whose boding and uncouth note I had often listened as we ascended the mountain. Then I remembered that the people of these wild and dangerous hills believe that by some strange instinct these birds are able to tell the whereabouts of buried travellers, and watch above for the movements or meltings, by which they may find their dreadful prey. You may suppose that I listened with intense attention to the augmenting sounds, as they came more and more distinctly to my ear, announcing the nearer and still nearer approach of my companion to the outer air. At length I heard a sliding noise, as of snow moving over a roof, a heavy plunge, and then my ears were almost stunned by the strange sounds that broke into my chamber. I heard the low murmur of moving snow-wreaths, the wild outcry of the startled ravens, the sharp and ceaseless bark of the dog, and the mingled babel sounds of a restless world. Seated, as it were, at the bottom of a great ear, the sounds came to me in gigantic proportions, and almost stunned me.

I became bewildered through hope, and terror, and mighty sounds, and know not how I reached the air; but a cold fresh breeze playing on my face brought back my shattered senses, only to fill me with new causes of dread and sorrow. I was at the side of the dog, on the edge of a precipice extending downward for miles, as I supposed, and above me frowned a mountain of snow projecting so much above us as to make me wonder why it did not descend and crush us. It seemed as if the avalanche had pushed over the precipice, on the edge of which I stood, and had been broken there, while the vast ruin that lay scattered over the distant rocks told of a fearful plunge and a wide destruction.

I looked in vain for any signs of succour. I could see only snow, and rocks, and ravens. I could hear only the sounds of falling masses, detached from the heap above, as they thundered downward into the wild abyss, far, far below. The air, too, was piercingly cold, and I began to experience that sense of drowsiness which, in these Alpine regions, is said to be the forerunner of a fatal lethargy. I was in despair. Hope deferred and often disappointed had made my heart sick, and I crept back into my den, prepared to lie down and die. The warmth of that snow-chamber reanimated me, and a dread of my fourfooted associate acted as a constant stimulant, and made me incessantly attentive to his wild and ceaseless barking. At length he paused, and, with an exulting cry, rushed into my resting place, and overwhelmed me with caresses. Then away went he again, resumed his barking, repeated his cry of joy, and returning to me, indicated plainly his desire that I should creep out again. I accordingly followed him, and, directed by his eye and certain imperfect and distant sounds, perceived that some dogs, accoutred as he had been, were perched on lateral rocks at a distance below us. In a few minutes I could see the figures of the good fathers of this hospitable emerging from behind them, and with a glass eyeing us carefully. I could then see them making signals, as if to persons over our heads, and after a time I could hear sounds above, but as if at a great distance. I saw that efforts were making for my rescue, but I could not perceive any possible mode of effecting an escape. The dog seemed to think otherwise, for there was a triumphant expression in his benevolent face of a most encouraging nature, and I felt, despite myself, a part of his confidence.

Following his upward look, and attracted in the same direction by falling fragments, I saw, to my surprise, projected over the edge of the snow-cliff, two or three

steps of what seemed to be a ladder. Immediately a rope was thrown over the outermost one, and lowered, conformable to signals from the party in sight. It was too much to the right, and was therefore drawn up again, and the place of the ladder changed by unseen hands. This apparently perilous enterprise was repeated several times before the rope descended opposite to us. Alas! alas! what was my despair when I found that it swung off three or four yards beyond the edge of the precipice. There it dangled in the air, which seemed to take pleasure in swinging it in every direction but that which I desired.

A sound from above again directed my eyes upward, where I saw the head of a man projecting over the ladder, and its owner engaged in the attempt to give the rope its proper motion. Finally, after some time, it began to oscillate toward me, and I made several efforts to reach it. "Don't touch it, young woman," said he above; "you may be pulled off or slip. Let the dog catch it. Look out, Ernst! There, now he has it! Hold on, fellow! Let the young woman have it, boy, but keep hold. Now, put your feet in the stirrups at the end of the rope, slip your arms through the loops above! That's wrong! You've got the back strap in front! Put on the loops as you would a jacket, and grasp the rope. Keep hold, Ernst, until the young woman is fixed! There! now, hold fast, and don't mind a few mouthfuls of snow; you'll be safe enough in a few minutes!"

Just as every thing was ready for my frightful ascent, when my disordered fancy was full of fears of weak ropes, falling snow banks, and slipping assistants, and I had commended myself in prayer to the only safe Guide in so fearful an emergency, I beheld me of my four-footed friend, and endeavored to extricate myself, that I might tie the rope around him, and let him ascend before me. How, thought I, could he get up if I did not lend him the aid of my hands! My attempt was observed above, and the *maronnier*, for it was he, charged me to desist. "What are you afraid of? Don't stir, or you are lost." I looked up, in hopes of making him understand me, but he was gone, and in a moment after I was swinging in the air, and looking down on the poor dog, whom I thought I was leaving forever. He knew better; and, wagging his tail and yelping with delight, he seemed to enjoy the flight which was to me so full of terror.

That was a frightful ascent. I knew not who governed my progress—I saw the dread abyss far below me, and above me rested that slender ladder quivering as the grating rope wound over its last step. The motion of the rope, like that of a huge pendulum, was terrific—now I seemed as if flying off into the sky, and then I was plunged into the snow of the bank, until, blinded, suffocated and stunned, I even wished to be once more in the cold, dim chamber, from which so lately I would have given worlds to escape. At length, I was drawn up to the ladder, and so much indeed above it that the loops round my shoulders were on a level with it, but I was too much enfeebled and terrified to seize the ladder or incline myself forward; and there my progress was arrested, and I swooned away. The unexpected difficulty was obviated, as I afterward learned, by withdrawing the ladder, and dragging me through the snow until I reached the solid ground, on which were assembled the excellent men who had passed the whole day in the cold air, in devising and executing means for the rescue of several persons who, like myself, had been in imminent peril.

I was afterwards told that great difficulty was experienced in extricating my good dog from his perilous position. The rope, it seems, to which they had subsequently attached a basket, did not vibrate in such a manner as to bring it within the reach of the dog, even with the utmost efforts of the *maronnier* for that purpose. The basket was then removed, and the rope and loops lowered, but with no better result. The increased wind swayed it too much, and, although it came within a few feet of the dog, he could not seize it. The day was wearing late, and every body suffered so much from cold, that the good men of the monastery began to seriously think of leaving poor Ernst to his fate, or at least to a night's sojourn in the dim chamber on the cliff. To this the *maronnier* would not consent. His finest *maron* was in peril, and he resolved to rescue him, even if obliged himself to descend. Before doing so, he crept again to the end of the ladder, and began to swing the rope. Tired a second time, he said, as he afterward observed, thoughtlessly, "Can't you jump at it, Ernst?" In a moment the spring was made, and the dog was swinging violently backward and forward, whilst the startled *maronnier* nearly lost his presence of mind and his place on the ladder. "Run him up, quickly. He has only his teeth to hold by. He has the rope—up—up!"

The dog was saved, and here he lies. *Maronnier*, let me have the pleasure of keeping him beside me whilst I am here. I hope to see him often, as there is here a melancholy annual duty—a visit to the tomb of my father. He often said that he would like to lie near his friend, General Desaix, whose monument meets you on the stair-case as you enter the monastery; and it was a strange fate that brought him here to die near his illustrious friend. They fought side by side in Egypt; and, when Bonaparte returned to France, leaving Desaix in command, only the presence of my father could console the general for the absence of his commander. Even he could not long prevent his repining. He yearned for his chief; and, having patched up a hasty treaty with the Beys, returned to France, asked instantly for leave to join the army of Italy, and, as you know, reached the glorious field of Marengo only the day before the battle. In that battle, to the winning of which Desaix contributed so much, he served his country for the last time, and fell into my father's arms at the very moment when the retrieved field rung with the shouts of victory. The then first consul, to show his sense of his merit and service, caused him to be placed on the summit of this mighty mountain, in the highest consecrated spot of Europe; and here also repose, by choice and chance, the remains of his friend, my father.

CONCLUSION.
If I felt an interest in the beautiful girl before, the feeling deepened as she proceeded in her story, until, at its close, I was too desperately smitten to be able calmly to bear the name of a separation. But events did separate us, at least for a time. How that happened, and when and where we again met, may, if this sketch should be well received by the lovers of romance and devotion, make the subject of a tale scarcely less remarkable than that of the CAVERN IN THE SNOW.

A TIMELY RESCUE.—While the United States' squadron was lying at Cape Palmas, the commodore and several of his officers being on shore, Governor Roberts with them, they received information that the ceremony of drinking *sassy-wood* was then taking place at a native town quite near the cape. Most of our readers, perhaps, are acquainted with the nature of this piece of heathenish barbarity. When a native dies, his townsmen conclude that he died of witchcraft, and

there is always ready at hand some one to originate suspicion respecting the supposed murderer. The poor victim on whom these suspicions rest is apprehended, and before an immense multitude is compelled to drink draught after draught of an infusion of the bark of *sassy-wood*, as it is termed by the natives. This bark possesses strong poisonous qualities, and the poor sufferer in a few hours dies a painful and horrid death. The practice is not unfrequently used to get rid of some useless member of the community, who they imagine has lived too long already. So it was in the case above referred to. A poor old man was accused of having witched the deceased, and he must pass through the dreadful ordeal. They had assembled, and he had already drunk a large quantity of the infusion, when Commodore Perry and his party hastened to the spot. Seeing them approaching, and conjecturing that a rescue was intended, the natives thrust the poor half dead victim into a canoe, put in a couple of their best paddlers, and away they were bearing him on the lagoon which extends several miles down the coast. But the benevolent intentions of the party were not to be so easily baffled. Commodore Perry caused two of their head men to be seized, and declared his purpose of taking them on board his vessel, and there keeping them, unless the poor fellow was immediately returned, and his freedom secured to him. This produced the effect immediately. The man was returned—providentially relieved by some antidote administered by a physician, restored, and set at liberty.

IMMENSE COPPER BALLOON.—The curiosity of the scientific world in Paris has just been raised to the boiling point by the construction of a vast balloon of copper, which is so far completed as to be exhibited to the public. The constructor of this huge work is M. Marey-Monge; and should his anticipations be realised as to the practicability of employing this balloon for purely scientific purposes—as an electric and magnetic phenomena—M. Arago will introduce it to the French Institute. This balloon is completely composed of sheets of copper, the 200th part of an inch in thickness. The idea of the construction of a metal balloon originated with Lavoisier in 1760; and subsequently, in 1784, another metal balloon was constructed by Guyton de Morveau. In the present balloon, the sheets of copper, united by bands, like the ribs of a melon, have been soldered by de Richemont's *auto genous* process. They occupy an extent of 1,500 yards. The balloon itself is about ten yards in diameter, and contains 800 pounds of hydrogen gas. It is stated in the Parisian journals, that M. Dupuis Delcourt, the celebrated French aeronaut, will shortly make an ascent in this balloon. The main object proposed by its constructor, M. Marey-Monge, is the power of directing balloons by a system which he has developed in a memoir submitted to the French Academy. One of the advantages gained by the substitution of copper for silk, or other fibrous material, is that the metal will prevent the escape of gas, so that the aeronaut may remain a long time in the air, and thus be enabled to study the constant atmospheric currents.

STRIKING A BALANCE.—Curran, when Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the Castle. There was a great press of carriages, when, all at once, he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out at the coach window, crying to his coachman, "Stop, stop, the pole of the carriage behind is driven into us!" "Arrah! then its all right again, your honour," said Pat exultingly, "for I've just druv my pole into the carriage before." This, as a sample of the Irish bull, Curran used to recite as a perfect.

CANADA.

MONTREAL, May 7.—We learn from Beauharnois, that the whole of the men employed on the Canal struck for wages on the 1st inst. It appears that at the time of the strike the men were working for 2s. 6d. a day—the hours being from half past 5 o'clock to seven. Their demand was for 2s. 9d. a day, which the contractors, on deliberation, agreed to give them, and it was then supposed that all would go on well. Instead of this being the case, they immediately afterwards demanded 3s., which the contractors refused to give and in consequence, the works have been suspended till the 1st June.

FURTHER DISTURBANCES.—DARING ATTEMPT TO MURDER.
We are sorry to say that the villain who attempted to assassinate Mr. Secard is still at large. No trace of the guilty party has yet been discovered. We regret to learn that Mr. Secard, whose arm, we have already informed our readers, was amputated, passed a bad night on Sunday.

We are deeply grieved to say, that threats of assassination have been thrown out against other gentlemen connected with the works upon the line of the Canal. In addition to these threats, a Bill was posted, on Sunday morning, upon the section on which Mr. Secard was shot, denouncing all Americans employed on the works, and was in the following words:—

YANKEES, take notice and clear off the line of the Lachine Canal, as Captain Daylight is still on the ground, and a number more as good marksmen as he, with plenty of powder and ball, so clear off the lines without any further notice, or here is your Coffin.

[Here is introduced the figure of a coffin, and also of a man in the net of shooting, with the words "we will send you to Hell," written under it.]

People are asking themselves whether such things can possibly be real; they find it impossible to realise the almost incredible truth, that one foreman had been shot in broad day-light, because one of the workmen was discharged, and that others are living in daily dread of being murdered, while written denunciations of the massacre of a whole class are posted in the midst of hundreds of men. Well may those doubt, whose only experience of such things is derived from perusing the accounts of Indian atrocities in ages long gone by. Well may they ask, whether it is possible that men speaking the English language could be found, at the present day, so utterly cruel, so absolutely hardened against the commonest feelings of a common nature, so dead to the precepts of our Saviour and the commandments of the Almighty God, as to combine together for the purpose of murder. In a country like this, too, where the necessities of life, in profuse abundance, are within the reach of every little boy even, who chooses to work, and where the luxuries of life may be obtained by a little extra industry and labour, there is great difficulty in convincing one's self of the actual existence of such a horrible state of things. What is the motive which can actuate these men? *It cannot be want—it is not oppression!* Every man here is free to employ himself according to his fancy and capacity, and employment of some kind is always to be met with. They cannot think that a Contractor is to be compelled to employ men when he does not require them, nor that he is to be compelled to retain a man whom he does not want. As well might a Contractor insist on labourers being compelled to serve him, whether they be willing or not. What is the remedy for this state of things? There is but one remedy—stop the whole work from one end of Canada to the other, and discharge the present workmen.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—A proclamation received yesterday afternoon convokes the Provincial Parliament, to meet in Montreal, on 24th June next, "there to take into consideration the state and welfare of our said Province of Canada, and therein to do as they seem necessary."

MONTREAL, May 7.—Upon Sunday afternoon His Excellency underwent an operation for the removal of the cancer upon his cheek. The operation was ably performed by Mr. Pollock, the surgeon who arrived by the Acadia. The disease had spread further than previously, and was more deeply rooted, causing considerable trouble in the removal of the when our advices left; and it was the opinion of Mr. Pollock that the operation would be entirely successful, and eradicate the disease. Sir Charles Metcalfe has suffered much and any attempt to laugh being attended with extreme pain. Should His Excellency go on favourably, he will leave Kings-House for Montreal at the latter end of the month. Alwington House will be closed by the first of June.—*Times*.

HALIFAX, N. S. May 13.
FIRES.—Two fires have occurred in the city this week but happily the loss occasioned by both can be easily repaired. Between 11 and 12 o'clock on Monday night, the first broke out from a stable, in a field on Göttingen street, owned by Donald Sutherland, and rented to two gentlemen belonging to the garrison. Before the alarm was given, the fire had become irresistible; but as the stable stood apart from other buildings, and the horses, with some hay that it contained, were rescued, the multitude who hastened to the scene could do nothing more than remain inactive, useless spectators of the catastrophe.

Just at the dawn of day on Thursday morning the bells of the different Churches, Engine-house, Ordnance, Dockyard and Citadel, were all joined in chorus, to apprise the community that some friend's or neighbours' premises were in danger from fire, and their aid was required. This alarm originated from the discovery of a fire issuing from the back of the house owned by Mr. John Keith, adjoining Mrs. Macdonald's boarding-house, northward, in Bedford Row. Since the previous Tuesday, the house was unoccupied, and the fire, which commenced in the cellar kitchen, there, fore, must have been, unquestionably, the work of an incendiary. By the timely suppression of the danger, through the vigorous, prompt and well-directed efforts of the different Engine and Fire Companies, citizens and soldiers, every resident of the neighbourhood has had a most providential escape from a dreadful calamity. The house is built in the centre of a low row of wooden tenements, each three stories high in front, and all closely joined together without the least space between any two; on the outside, the flames gained a fearful power and burned all the shingles, with a strip of those on Mrs. Macdonald's house, from the ground to the roof; in the inside, the banisters from the kitchen to the garret, the first and second floors, and the woodwork of the basement story, are reduced to brands and cinders. Under these circumstances, the escape of the block, where it is situated, from such another conflagration as desolated it in 1816, has been really wonderful.—*Recorder*.

The Colonial Herald.
SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1844.

RIOTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

By Wednesday's Mail intelligence of a most astounding character was received in this town. It appears that the City of Philadelphia, in the neighbouring Republic, has lately been the scene of a series of riots and outrages of a most frightful and disgraceful character. The particulars of these unparalleled outrages may be gathered from the following extracts:—

It appears that on Monday, the 6th May, a Meeting was held, for political purposes, by a Party calling themselves the 'Native Americans.' The object of this Party is to limit the distribution of patronage, and, if possible, the franchise, to those born on the soil. These objects, though directly opposed to the liberal spirit of American institutions, of course they had a right to discuss—but others, who felt that the success of their measures would be injurious to the best interests of the country, and work gross injustice to large bodies of people, had an equal right to express disapprobation. This was done, by two persons said to have been Irishmen, who groaned and hissed one of the speakers. The meeting had been called in the open air, but was adjourned to a market. The two men who hissed were beaten by the natives. Some of their friends, no doubt seeing them engaged with fearful odds, fired several shots from the Hibernia Hose House, opposite the market. Several wounds were inflicted—the Americans attacked the house, and fell upon the Irish, who began to muster in some force—"then," says an eye witness, "commenced one of the most dreadful scenes that can well be imagined."

Volley after volley was fired, and a rush was made over a lot in the direction of the Hibernia Hose House. From every street and house came rushing to the scene of action, armed men—some with muskets, others with bludgeons and stones; many of these were accompanied by women, who urged them on, and directed them where to fire. Those in possession of the market house maintained their ground and held aloft a flag—while the square between Cadwalader street and the Germantown Road in Master street was filled with the combatants. Some of them here ran into houses, but they were watched, and the infuriated mob fell to work and partially destroyed the houses in which they had taken refuge.

In Cadwalader street, a similar frightful scene was presented. The house of a widow woman into which a man ran was attacked, its door was broken open and the rioters rushed in and broke the furniture into fragments.

The riot lasted about an hour, during which time the reports of fire arms numbered hundreds, and at least 50 persons fell, many being wounded. Several persons were reported to have been killed. A young man residing in St. John street near Beaver, named George Shreffley was killed on the spot, instantly.—A young man named Temper, was shot in the hip, and was wounded in so shocking a manner that he cannot possibly survive.

Among the buildings attacked was the Hibernia Hose House, the lights of this were all knocked out and the premises otherwise damaged. We believe that the flag was protected by those who had undertaken the venturous task of protecting it, but what became of it we know not.

The American party gradually dispersed, and up to a late hour in the evening comparative order prevailed.

At 12 o'clock.—We learn this moment, that at about 10 o'clock an attempt was made by a party of the crowd to burn down part of the fence which encloses the nursery, they were fired upon by a party of Irish, and 5 of them shot. One Nathan Ramsay, a blind maker in Third Street, near Brown, was mortally wounded. J. W. Wright, son of Mr. Wright, of the firm of Wright & Nephew, salt merchants, who was a silent spectator, was shot through the heart, and fell dead on the spot.

On the second day it is said the city was much excited. Brigadier General Cadwaladar, issued orders to his Brigade (that of the City proper), to parade in the afternoon. Meantime a meeting was called in the Statehouse Yard for 3 o'clock, previous to which a great number of persons bore through the streets the American Flag, much injured, accompanied by a placard, having in large letters the following:—
'This is the flag that was trampled on by the Irish Papists.'

The American flag was nailed to the market house, an attack commenced on the Hibernian Hose House, the contents of which were destroyed. Shots were fired by the Irish, on the Americans, from the roofs of houses in the neighborhood.

About 3 o'clock, another attack was made upon the Hose House, and a large new bell found in it was brought in the open square, and shattered to pieces. Shortly after this, a frame dwelling house, next to the hose house, was fired, and from that time up to 9 o'clock in the evening, the flames continued to spread without stay, until twenty-nine houses were consumed, the greater part of them being upon Cadwaladar street, and four upon the street facing the market. About 9 o'clock the market house itself caught fire, and at 12 o'clock lay in a heap of ruins.

At 7 o'clock the First Brigade, and two companies of the Third, were formed—Cannons were stationed—cordons formed—the Sheriff, with a constabulary force, proceeded to search the houses from which shots had been fired, and brought out some fire arms. The General addressed the crowd, who for a time seemed disposed to let matters rest in the hands of the authorities. Fire Engines were brought up, and the flames stayed, but not till an immense amount of property was destroyed. Seven were killed and twenty wounded this afternoon.

A person named Maitland was dangerously wounded by a shot fired by John Taggart. A Negro sitting in the market house, immediately fired at Taggart and several shot struck him in the forehead. Taggart then ran into a house, but a number of the native Americans rushed in and made him a prisoner. He was conducted down to Alderman Bolton's office, who, upon the oath of one of the spectators,